



Anaïs Nin, Paris, 1934

Anaïs Nin
Paris Revisited

Edited by Karl Orend



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Karl Orend
Paris

The publisher dedicates this book to
George and Sylvia Whitman
&
to the memory of his friends,
Rupert Pole
and
Ted Joans

Paris Revisited



St. Germain-des-Prés circa 1950.

“**T***he Paris you loved is dead!*” a friend¹ said to me while we were having lunch in a luxurious restaurant in New York. He had just come back from Paris where he had been a student. I had not been there since 1940.²

“I want to prepare you for the changes. I don’t want you to be shocked. I am sure that people engrave an image of others in their memory and keep seeing them unchanged. They do the same with cities. I knew the Paris you loved. And it is not there anymore. My friends have changed, those I went to college with. America has changed them, and I know the Paris you remember and wrote about.”

His words shocked me and as I was preparing to leave for Paris, I also tried to prepare my mind. The image his words brought to me was that of a cemetery. I tried to turn away, but all I could see at the moment were tombs. In Paris I had once lived overlooking the Montparnasse Cemetery, the tombs of Alfred de Musset and Victor Hugo. Now I saw tombs. The tomb of my father, once the

¹René de Chochor, literary agent.

²Actually, 1939—Anaïs and Hugo arrived in New York on December 10th 1939. In the Diary, Hugo is erased from her flight. She had hoped to stay in Paris with Gonzalo Moré (until he was summoned to New York by the Communist Party). Henry Miller had wanted her to flee to Ireland, to sit out the war there with him.

pampered concert pianist of Paris, the tomb of Antonin Artaud, of René Allendy, of Otto Rank, of Conrad Moricand, of Hans Reichel, of Pierre Chareau. I saw a list of those who had disappeared during the war, emigrated, moved, died in concentration camps, in Spain. And I felt like dressing in black, and wearing widow's veils, and postponed the packing of my valises.

I re-read the stories in *Under a Glass Bell* and wondered what had become of the characters I had described, what had become of the houseboat, of the Villa Seurat.

Then I conquered my depression, and dressed my mind and my body for the present. I wore warm colors, and thought about a new Paris, an unknown Paris.

I had left Europe in 1939 in a hydroplane and now I returned in a jet. I drove along a freeway and not through overcrowded poor quarters. But I saw a café. A café on the street, with an open door, and one small round table outside, just big enough for two persons, two glasses of wine, two small iron chairs, a diminutive café, like the cafés in Utrillo streets, shabby, with a faded sign, a dull window, lopsided walls, uneven roof. The smallness of it, the intimacy of it, the humanity of its proportion, the absence of arrogance, the absence of gloss and glitter touched me and once again opened me to tenderness as Paris had always done. One can sit in such a café even if one's hair is not perfectly in place and one's shoes are not shined, and even with a run in one's stockings. One could sit there and feel unique, in tune with the world, or out of tune, feel human, open to human emotions and wanting to weep. One could sit there if one felt the world too big, too barbaric, and once more experience a human setting, a proper setting for a human being who does not feel arrogant, glossy, powerful. The small café and tenderness were not

gone, the patina of much living, the worn, the tired, the wistful, my café, my Paris, where a soul can be a little worn, where it does not have to be shop-new, shop-glossy, hard and brittle.

So the small café was there as I sped to the Hôtel Crillon. The square was planted with United Nations flags waving for famous visitors.

The room was again, like the café, not new. It was softly, gently, touchingly imperfect. It was not new, the bedspreads were not new, the rug was not new, the chandelier was not new, the paint was not new. But mysteriously, this room, which would not have seemed beautiful to most Americans, had a glow. I could not find its origin.

I lay on the bed for a few moments and looked at the crystal chandelier. I felt distinctly that this room was not empty as rooms in American hotels seem empty and new, as if never inhabited by anyone, spotlessly new and virginal. There are no traces of other visitors in American hotel rooms. Whereas here the soft mild-yellow wall paper, the slightly faded rug, the heavy velvet curtains, the telephone and the bells all exuded a presence, many presences. I had the feeling I had taken a drug. The room was full of erotic brilliance, of past visitors.



Names came to my lips, Nijinsky, Diaghilev, Madame Du Barry, Ninon de Lenclos, Marcel Proust, Jean Giraudoux, Colette. Lovers, aristocrats, men of the world, whoever they were, had been alive. Words had been said, expressive, articulate, eloquent, emotions had been displayed, gestures had been made, talented and inspired love-making, wine had been drunk, dreams cradled, and the warmth came from the bodies, and from delicate suppers. The life of Paris, like an exquisite intoxication, crowded in this room

without need of steam heat, of electric gadgets, of anything but people who had lived richly, whom the past could not erase. They remained like a perfume in the air. Rooms that had been lived in, enjoyed, loved, leaving psychic, voluptuous secretions.

The diminutive café, which could be carried in the heart, and the softly lighted rooms, the window open on the grey slate roof, on a softly lighted city, the mist and the fog serving as deflectors, diffusers of light. Diffusion. When one laughs or weeps too hard, the world is diffused, the hard boundaries are melted, a hundred persons lean with you to look out on the square.

Why did I feel warmed by imperfections, discomfort, patina? Because intense living leaves scars, and I did not find any such scars in America. Inner scars, softened, human wear and tear.

I felt relaxation, a slipping into a more human city, a place where everyone is busy living where there are no voyeurs, no bystanders, groomed, unruffled judges standing on the edge.



I walked out of the hotel and found the hobos by the Seine where I once lived on the houseboat. They were not angry, they were not dour or frightening as the bums on the Bowery in New York. They were comical, humorous, their delirious oratory was often ironic and witty.

There, by the Seine, was the sort of bookstore I had known: a Utrillo house, not too steady on its foundations, small windows, wrinkled shutters. And there was George Whitman, undernourished, bearded, a saint among his books, not eager to sell, lending books, housing penniless friends upstairs, a haven bookstore. In

the back of the store, a small overcrowded room, with a desk, a small gas stove. All those who came for books remained to talk, while George tried to write letters, to open his mail, to order books. A tiny, unbelievable staircase, circular, leads to his bedroom, or the communal bedroom, where he expected guests like Henry Miller or me to stay. It has no door. The toilet is two floors below, in the cellar. There is another room, full of books, and in the hall, a small stove on which George cooks for everyone.

How did George establish this small bookstore by the Seine? He had read my "Houseboat" story years ago. He had come to Paris to search for a houseboat. He had started his bookstore on a boat and was happy. But the books mildewed, and eventually he had to move. He stayed as near to the river as possible, and from his window, watching the river, he still had the illusion he was living on a houseboat.

On Sundays he made ice cream for homesick Americans. He had fixed up the front room, expecting that all of us would stay there; books and authors offered communally to those passing by, printed words and their authors' voices in unison. He forgot that many of the writers from pre-war Paris now had wives, children, mistresses, homes in America, recognition and hotel reservations. He forgot they could no longer always give themselves as freely, or there would be no books to give, no books written.

George could not understand why they did not stay there, by a fireplace often without wood to burn, in a room without a door, and in the hallway a hole in the floor with an iron grille through which one could see what was happening in the bookstore below, a spy window on the floor. And those from below, if they had looked up, could have seen George as he stood by his rusty stove baking "American" pies for his expatriates, who were rather looking for a drink.

So it is no longer Sylvia Beach's "Shakespeare & Co." visited by André Gide, François Mauriac, Pierre Jean Jouve, Léon-Paul Fargue, Caresse Crosby, James Joyce, Henry Miller. Now it is the "Mistral," visited by James Jones, William Styron, Allen Ginsberg, William Burroughs, by beatniks and the new bohemians. Where there once was a warm, hospitable, friendly, demonstrative, affectionate fraternity between writers and artists, there often seems now a sullen silence, a disinterested attitude. The young bohemian lying on the couch reading a book would not stop reading when another writer came in. I marveled at their insulation. Unlike Henry Miller, when they had cadged a meal, they did not rush to their room and write twenty pages in exultation. They sought drugs to help them dream, they had no appetite for life, no lust for women, they seemed insulated. They read like people waiting for a train, spectators. Xerox artists. Perhaps obsolete in a world of science. They brought expectations to Paris, but they contributed little fervor, no curiosity, no excitement of the blood.



From the "Mistral" I went on a quest of the houseboat, *La Belle Aurore*, which I knew would not be in Paris, but it was not in Neuilly either where I had left it. I was told there was a cemetery for houseboats in Bougival.

The taxi took me along the Seine, close to the bank. In Bougival I found a place with hundreds of discarded houseboats. Some were being repaired and repainted. Some were lived in, in their abandoned state, by hobos, or by families with numerous children. They had been dragged to shore and dumped on the mire. Even so, the occupants had flower pots on the window sills, and gardens made of

clam or oyster shells. There were all kinds of barges. Mostly the very long, flat ones used for the transport of coal, bricks and wood up and down the Seine. A few corroded yachts, once white and glossy. But there was no *Belle Aurore*. Had she disintegrated of old age? Already when I lived in her, she had not been safe, taking in water, having to be pumped. I felt melancholy.



I returned to Paris. I walked the streets, as I always did, for hours. Looking at art shops, bookstores, antique shops, all unchanged. The bookstalls along the Seine still there. With their erotic books wrapped in cellophane. With pornographic postcards, and rare books for the collector.

Around Saint Germain, a bookstore was having an autographing party. Through the window I saw Louise de Vilmorin, who had been the subject of a story in *Under a Glass Bell*. I entered, bought her new book, and took my place in the line waiting for her autograph. She was sharing honors with a motorcyclist who had written about his life. He was all in black leather and kept his jacket on. When I faced Louise she recognized me, and I rediscovered the eyes sparkling with irony, the smile of superiority, the face which reminded one of all the paintings of French history depicting aristocracy and pride. To see her standing beside the motorcyclist was the most incongruous, comical modern fable. She signed my book, said she wanted to see me, always fresh and cool as a flower, the quick intelligence speeding up time, while the big-handed motorcyclist signed his books laboriously.



I went to see Ossip Zadkine in his old home, the two small houses, with a garden in between, on the Rue d'Assas, one his living quarter, the other his studio full of sculptures. His face is still ruddy, his eyes sharp, but his limbs tremble a little.

On the doorstep of his studio stand two wooden sculptures of women. The Germans, during the occupation, did not take the sculptures away.

The two women, full-bellied, undulating, long-necked, had, during the time Zadkine was exiled in New York, sprouted a vine and flowers, which half covered them, and grew at the top of their heads. Zadkine looking at them wistfully said: "You see, even in death there is beauty."

The next day I met him at a vast exhibit of modern art. Some of his own sculptures and murals were on display. As he walked into the large building, once a palace, at the very entrance, where the winter cold rushed in, he saw an abstract bird cage, built like an intricate, convoluted spiral, in which two bewildered live parakeets had been placed. They apparently could not find their way to food and water, and remained in one corner, baffled by the maze. Zadkine thundered in his loudest voice: "What are these birds doing in this draft? They will die of cold, and if they do not die of cold they will die insane locked in such an abstract cage. One should not experiment with live birds in a dead cage; let the designer try this on his own children, and then he'll know if a human being can live in an abstraction."

Conrad Moricand was part of the cemetery. He had returned from his visit to Big Sur. He had sought shelter among the hobos in the barge for indigents which his own wealthy but ungenerous family had set up on the Seine. There he stayed until his death.

But Jean Carteret was alive, and his apartment, which I had described minutely in "The All Seeing," was absolutely unchanged. Only it seemed darker and dustier. I could not tell whether it was time which had layered dust on the objects from Lapland, from Africa, from South America, from all the places he visited, or whether my own vision of them had lost the sparkle of poetry I then saw in them, and which had worn off. He still seemed like an astrologer, a fortune teller, a mysterious character whose constant activity did not manifest itself into a body of work. He had found writing difficult, laborious. Now he was enthusiastic about the idea that writing was disappearing, and that he could talk into a tape recorder. He wanted a tape recorder. Then all this profuse, imagistic talk he spent so lavishly in cafés would become a work, there would be a record of his endless dissertations on esoteric subjects.

At the café he talked abstractions. He made drawings. He seemed more than ever removed from the present, from humanity. He was dealing in abstractions so esoteric and obscure that I could only listen. When you know someone well, and have once followed the tracteries of his fantasies, been familiar with them, you do not recognize as easily the signs of schizophrenia; but this time I felt it. He had gone too far into space. He spoke a language which could not be shared. It was far beyond astrology. It was like a vast web in which he entangled himself. His eyes were unseeing. I once described them as all-seeing because he was then a visionary, and he guided his course by psychology and astrology. But now he was spinning words, concepts, so far removed from our reach that I wanted to grasp him physically and rescue him. It was an evening which dissolved in a long monologue, unanswerable, unreachable.

I felt chilled, desolate. What had kept him bound to earth and human beings, and what permitted him to lose gravity, and be pulled into a void?



I visited Richard Wright. We spoke of our first meeting in 1943, at Canada Lee's apartment, at the time *Native Son* was being produced on Broadway with Canada Lee in the starring role. We both then lived in Greenwich Village.

He is a handsome man, quiet, simple, direct; his speech is soft and modulated, his ideas clear.

He was happier in France. He could go anywhere, to the theatre, restaurants, his children were going to good schools.

He described again the void in which the American writer works, with nothing to support or enrich him, and how this void, for the Negro writer, became a real danger, an aggressive threat. How the response to *Native Son* had been mostly cheers, like those given to a baseball player. He objected to such phrases by a critic as: "Richard Wright hit the jackpot." "What kind of response is that?" he had asked bitterly.

He also talked about the New York hostesses who were willing to invite him because he was a best-selling author but who objected when he arrived with a black friend.

When George Davis invited him to stay in his house in Brooklyn, there were difficulties. The Negro who tended the furnace resigned because he would not tend the furnace for another Negro. To mark their disapproval of his marriage to a white woman, people threw stones at his windows.

His first real impression of France had been when he went to buy bread and the baker woman said to him: "Mr. Wright, we read about you in the paper, you are a writer, is there anything we can do for you?"

Richard Wright felt that he was becoming obsessed with the racial problem in America to the point where he could not develop as a writer. He was possessed by destructive antagonisms. He felt that if the constant humiliations of daily living could be removed, he would be able to grow, expand, and fulfill his role as a writer.

He seems happier, more relaxed. We sit in a café and talk about his new work. He says a writer cannot forever write about the same theme, the irritants of American life would have destroyed him.



At George Whitman's bookstore, when you stand on the upper stairway, there is an opening which enables you to see into the bookstore. I saw a gypsy woman stealing books. When I came down she insisted on reading my hand. She predicted I would have many children and never knew why I laughed.

In spite of being considered as thieves, of being humiliated, in spite of their begging, their pride is not broken or corroded. It remains smoldering and strong. Our morals seem not acceptable to them. They live by other values, and do not seem to be ashamed of their activities.



The Paris I loved is not dead. The lovers still love each other. The Seine still glitters with barges and boats. The fountains still play.

The shop windows are still dazzling displays of imagination and style. The galleries are crowded. The bookstores are crowded. The parks are filled with flowers, gardeners and children. The shops are small and intimate and the shopkeepers attentive. The cafés are crowded. There are people who have time to stroll, time to sit out of doors, time to look at each other with curiosity. Conversation is still sprightly and entertaining. The taxi drivers are witty, and the hobos are clowns and beg with charm. The skies are opaline, and the buildings engraving colors. Each stone has a history, and each house bulges with lives lived, deeply loved. There is a festive air, as with all people in love with pleasure. There is a patina of shared lives, through high literary articulateness. Paris is still the capital of intelligence and creativity, enriched by the passage of all the artists of the world.



Afterword



Karl Orend, manager of Shakespeare & Co., circa 1995.

Noel Young's Capra Press first issued Anaïs Nin's chapbook *Paris Revisited* in 1972, in both hardcover and paperback editions. Young had befriended Henry Miller when he was working in Big Sur, more than twenty years before, as a stonemason. He built the walls around the garden at Miller's Partington Ridge house. Henry, in turn, gave him books to read. Young, after turning to publishing, issued many books by Miller, including the chapbooks which appeared in the same series as *Paris Revisited*, later collected as *Sextet*. He also published Durrell's chapbooks *Blue Thirst* and *The Plant Magic Man*. "No one," Young affirmed, "more than Henry Miller has contributed to the founding and perpetuation of Capra Press." It was through Miller that he discovered the writings of Anaïs Nin and issued this book.

Jeff Kwintner's Village Press subsequently published *Paris Revisited* in London, in 1974. Kwintner was a tailor during the 1960s. He had no literary background, but one day discovered the writings of John Cowper Powys, with which he fell in love. He soon headed to Corwen, to meet the bard. Through Powys he discovered Henry Miller and a host of other writers, such as Colin Wilson, Hermann Hesse, Alfred Perlès and Anaïs Nin. Many of the books he loved were out of print. So, using money from a successful business venture, Kwintner founded Village Press. He offered cheap

editions of a variety of his favorite books—many related to Powys, Miller and Nin.

The Village Press adventure lasted just a few years. Supposedly, he had raised the ire of leading publishers in London, who believed he was undercutting them and souring their relationships with important writers. Rumor has it that there was a conspiracy to drive him out of business. Whatever the truth, Village Press was soon in financial trouble and ceased to offer new titles. In the mid-1980s, when I was running a bookstore in Manchester, it was not unusual for a shady-looking man (each time different) to arrive at my store with a couple of overloaded cloth suitcases and offer to sell me an assortment of Village Press books, “by the case... no invoice... no questions asked.” Among the offerings were copies of *Paris Revisited* and Miller’s *Letters to Anaïs Nin*.

The text of *Paris Revisited* ostensibly tells the story of Anaïs’ first journey back to Paris after her flight, in 1939, as war was erupting across Europe. It is a variant text of the account given in *The Diary of Anaïs Nin* (also known as *The Journals of Anaïs Nin*) volume V, published in The United States by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich and in England by Peter Owen, in 1974. The reality, as will be seen below, is more complex. This short text throws light on how the published Diary was constructed. Anaïs could not have returned to Paris for the first time without thinking about her relationship with Henry Miller—and how they had left the city where they not only loved and lost each other, but also found their own unique voices as writers.



When Henry Miller left Paris in June 1939, to visit Lawrence Durrell in Greece, it was with barely a backward glance. He had always had an uneasy association with France and the French—even though he would later try to romanticize the relationship. Arriving in March 1930, Henry had hoped his stay would be brief. He badly wanted to live in Spain. His only previous visit to Paris had been with June Mansfield, in 1928. He hated it. He wrote of the French, on that trip, as “lazy” and “...a dirty, low class, mean, greedy bunch. There isn’t a streak of generosity in their makeup.” They were “suspicious”—as well as “impolite and sullen and do everything, in fact, to drive you out of the country.” The dream of living in Spain resurfaced during his first two years in Paris, until he met a woman who embodied many of his romantic and sensual images of Iberia, Anaïs Nin.

Later in the 1930s, Henry planned, at various times, to return to America, or move to Tibet, Mexico (with Michael Fraenkel), India (where Durrell had been born) or the Orient. It was the certainty of impending war that finally precipitated his departure (as the Munich Crisis, in 1938, nearly had done). At parting, his emotions about France were far from devotion or gratitude. Although he finally found his voice as a writer in Paris, forged important friendships and had written what many consider his major books, *Tropic of Cancer* (1934), *Black Spring* (1936) and *Tropic of Capricorn* (1939) there, Miller left expressing little affection for the country that seemed to have given him so much.

On April 30th 1939, writing to Huntington Cairns, unofficial U.S. Censor and one of his most loyal behind-the-scenes champions, he noted that although he had a debt towards France:

...I must add, in the interests of truth, that I owe nearly everything to one person—Anaïs Nin.... I haven't the slightest doubt that one hundred years from now this stupendous document (her Diary) will be the greatest single item in the literary history of our time. Anyway, had I not met her, I would never have accomplished the little I did. I could have starved to death here for all the French care. No Frenchman offered me help when I needed it. But, I am grateful to them for having tolerated me, which is what I sorely needed. Except for three individuals... Pelorsen, Queneau and Moricand¹, I have never been able to make any worthwhile contact with the French.... I want to stress it because, as I said a moment ago, the important thing to remember is that it was a woman, Anaïs Nin, by whom I was rescued and preserved and encouraged and inspired. Proportionally, France deserves one percent of the credit. The only two real friends I made during my sojourn in Paris are Fred (Perlès) and (Lawrence) Durrell.

Although Miller left Paris with no regrets, it was not the same for Anaïs. She recalled:

My bags were carried by a soldier whose shoes were too big for him. I suffered deeply from the wrench of separation. I felt every cell and cord which tied me to France snapping in me; the parting from a pattern of life I loved, from an atmosphere that was rich, creative and human, from intimacy with a people and a city. I was parting from a rhythm rooted very deeply in me, from mysterious, enveloped nights... of sirens lamenting like foghorns on stormy nights at sea.

It seemed, at first, as if she would never be able to tear herself away from France. As her train sped on towards Portugal, *en route* for America:

Each mile of the journey, each landscape, each little station,
each face, causes a painful separation.

She had to leave many volumes of her Diary behind in Paris. After sending money to Henry, she could not afford the excess baggage charge (she hid Miller's manuscripts, including *Crazy Cock* and *Moloch*, with a friend, who had a removal company, in Louveciennes).

Anaïs felt:

...despondent, ashamed to be saved from catastrophe, to abandon my friends to an unknown fate.

Anaïs also missed Conrad Moricand terribly. He, she suddenly realized, reminded her of her father. She had left her first edition of Proust with Gonzalo Moré, to sell in case of need, while he awaited repatriation. He would eventually join her in New York.

Anaïs arrived in America, via Bermuda, to a world of "overwhelming luxury":

The softer the velvet box, the deeper the rugs, the warmer the rooms, the greater the abundance of food, the more I miss what I have lost, the lonelier I feel....

She felt she was "dying of homesickness" and immediately fell ill. Anaïs was miserable. She missed "my home, familiar streets, those I love and know so well."

Henry Miller wrote a hand-written book as a birthday gift for Anaïs while he was in Greece, in the second half of 1939. Its tone was highly critical of her writing and attitude towards her life and work. This was just another sign that they were drifting apart. It

confirmed, in her mind, Anaïs' oft-repeated impression that Henry was only truly concerned about himself.

Although Anaïs had often allowed Henry to criticize her writing and help her improve her expression in English, by late 1939 she had reasons to balk at his suggestions:

I felt... cut off from Henry because out of his egotism he can so easily make a new life.

While Anaïs had, in the late summer and fall of 1939, struggled, in London and Paris, to keep Henry and Gonzalo Moré afloat financially, her friends, like Conrad Moricand and Thurema Sokol, reassured and cared for, and her marriage to an increasingly distraught Hugo intact, Henry was (it seemed) having the time of his life. Anaïs knew this was the end of their love-affair and close collaboration as writers.

She spoke of:

Henry's weakness, cowardice. Given food he entrenches himself anywhere, hides, attains joy by detachment.... From afar, Henry's self-centeredness looms more immense, without his human presence to blind or enchant me. *Je crois que c'est fini.*²

While Henry thought his letters and his birthday gift from Greece were enlightened and generous, his egotism, selfishness, and obliviousness to his friends' fate and the impending horror of war, shocked Anaïs and Moricand.

She wrote in her Diary:

Henry's way is not the way. He thinks he has reached Chinese-Tibetan equilibrium. But, he has only reached a crystallization of the ego. Being blocked by pain and sorrow, he asserts the

Ego's life as supreme... Detachment, objectivity, but with the wrong accent. Descriptions of his delectable meals, of his future pleasure, voyages, of new friends, of the stars... Henry exudes an animal warmth, an animal blood generosity, which seems like feeling, but in great crises is revealed as purest egotism. To end pain by indifference is not the mystical solution. No transmutation then, only an inhuman, impersonal anesthesia. Only I, Henry Miller, count. My belly is full. My wallet is full. The world is right.

She felt responsible for his attitude:

...I am to blame for this. I nurtured this. I nourished this by my devotion, my constant, continuous care.

Lawrence Durrell's last letter to Anaïs from Greece, in late summer 1939, confirmed her own recent impressions of Henry—and his seeming ability to turn his back on everything and everyone they had believed he held dear:

We left Henry. He is in a strange state, pitched in too high a key, a little hysterical with light and air, but physically fit as a drum. There is something deeply wrong with his attitude towards the world, but I cannot say what it is. He himself feels it and takes pains to justify his 'egotism' as you call it; perhaps if it were unconscious of itself, his egotism would become true detachment. In some inner way he refuses to grow.... There is always that lovable myopia in him to everything except his own processes. And the war is too big a thing for him to swallow; he must reject it. He is enchanted by Greece... the air is so kind to him and the scenery so crystalline; but it has made him dumb. He cannot speak any more....

Upon his return to America, in January 1940, ten years since he applied for a visa to travel to France, Henry expected Anaïs to meet

his ship. She did not, feigning illness. Although they continued to see and help each other over succeeding months, their affair and closeness was *de facto* at an end.



Anaïs Nin eventually returned to Paris, after more than a decade of absence, fearful of the changes she would find. She was revisiting the site of the most important formative events in her life as a writer and of her long literary love affair with Henry Miller. Paris was also the city she secretly hoped might provide her with a refuge from the pain and suffering, the constant anxiety, she had begun to experience now she was living life “on the trapeze” between Hugo Guiler and Rupert Pole. Anaïs, during the 1950s, seriously considered leaving both men. She thought about returning to Paris to recreate her life anew. If she did not, it was because she lacked the emotional strength, network of friends and financial means to do so.

The contrast between Anaïs’ return to Paris and that of Henry Miller was profound. Beginning with the influx of American G.I.s and the freeing up of the circulation of books in both French and English, Miller had, during the mid-1940s, become a massive bestseller in Paris—a *cause célèbre* for the French literary establishment, following Daniel Parker’s attempts to have his works banned, known as *le cas Miller*. Defended by writers and critics such as Georges Bataille, Jean-Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir, Maurice Nadeau, Albert Camus, Blaise Cendrars, Joseph Delteil, Paul Morand and André Gide, *Tropic of Cancer* was cleared by the courts in late 1947, and *Sexus*, when Miller appeared before an examining magistrate in person, in 1953.

The love affair between Miller and Nin was not public knowledge—even though hints of it would soon appear in Alfred Perlès' *My Friend Henry Miller* (1956). They both brought pressure (and in case of the latter, threats of legal action) to have the book rewritten, to disguise her adultery. Anaïs appeared as two women—herself and Liane de Champsaur, a dancer. The names of Miller and Nin were, in the early 1950s, linked merely as friends who had written about and supported each other's work. Anaïs had “written” the preface to *Tropic of Cancer* (Obelisk Press 1934). Henry had dedicated *Black Spring* (1936) to her, based *Scenario* (1937) on *The House of Incest* (1936) and written praising Anaïs' writing in “Un Être Etoilique” (*The Criterion* 1937) and two letters appearing in *Sunday After the War* (New Directions 1944).

On his visits to France during the 1950s and 1960s, the public lionized Miller. Paparazzi also plagued him. He received acclaim as one of the greatest living writers. Henry eventually became a judge at the Cannes Film Festival and, in 1974, the French made him an Officer of the *Légion d'honneur*. Writing from Big Sur, during the 40s and 50s, he had become a guru to many. Within a decade of Henry's first return visit to Paris, Karl Shapiro acclaimed him as the “greatest living author.” Italo Calvino made a pilgrimage to visit the man he described as “far more important than Hemingway.”

Anaïs Nin was, in the 1950s, still an obscure figure. Although copies of her *The Winter of Artifice*, published by Jack Kahane in 1939, shortly before war erupted and his sudden death, still occasionally sold in Paris after the allied victory, sales had been negligible. Her profile in Paris, at the time of her return, was non-existent.

Anaïs had traveled to New York, in 1939, with few contacts and little reputation. She eventually bought her own press and

set her books by hand, convinced that no commercial publisher would touch them. Over the next decade, Anaïs built relationships with other writers, critics and publishers where she could. She worked steadfastly to enrich her unique writing style and developed her own conception of literature, now that she was free of Miller's influence. This led her to recast *The Winter of Artifice*. She gave the book new content and form and modified the title in her Gemor Press edition of 1942.³ Her ties to Paris softened. Old friends were lost. Parisian relationships faded. All that remained was her art, a few loyal friends, multiple unsatisfactory love affairs (usually with younger men) and the precariousness of life lived "on the high wire."

Anaïs was far too generous to resent Henry Miller's success, while she languished in semi-obscure. He had achieved the recognition she so passionately wished for him. Miller contradicted himself, as time went on. He made France seem more important—and Anaïs less so. This was partly due to the fact they continued, for decades, to hide their love affair—and the French became his greatest champions as a serious literary figure. Henry also felt much-delayed guilt at the way he had turned his back so completely on France and his friends. Before meeting Anaïs, late in 1931, Henry had seriously considered returning to New York. It was she who kept him in Paris and provided the financial means and encouragement, the emotional support and security that allowed him to establish himself as a significant writer. Anaïs was at the heart of what he had achieved in France. Almost everyone who had helped him during his years in Paris was not French—even the first important French-language writer to champion him, Blaise Cendrars, was born Swiss, like Moricand.

Friends warned Henry Miller before his first trip back to Paris, early in 1953, after nearly fourteen years' absence, that he would find everything changed:

...I had talked with numerous friends who had gone abroad after the war; most of them warned me that I would find Europe, and especially France, changed for the worse. Their stories were conflicting, of course. Some said everything had changed; some said that only the people had changed, meaning thereby that they had grown bitter, cynical, callous.

Like Anaïs, as recounted in *Paris Revisited*, he found much remained just as he had known it:

No one could have been more astonished than I, on taking my first walk through the streets of Paris, to discover how little Paris had changed in the interim. Walking through the Latin Quarter that first morning I felt as if I had left Paris only a week ago. Not only were the buildings intact, and seemingly unaltered in any way, but the citizens of Paris themselves looked exactly as they had always looked to me. As a matter of fact, upon first contact they seemed even better to me than they were before the war. I mean by that they seemed more friendly, more hospitable, more amenable than ever. The ordeal they had gone through had tenderized them, if I might put it that way.

The difference in tone between Miller's impressions of Paris and the more restrained voice of Anaïs, in *Paris Revisited*, is explained, in part, by their emotional and financial circumstances at the time—and the nature of their welcome. Miller had written several pieces in praise of France and French literature as the war ended, in 1945. He eulogized the country extensively in *The Air-Conditioned Nightmare* (New Directions 1945) and *Remember to Remember* (New Directions

1947). The French now adored him. Publishers were eager to issue anything he wrote. Eve McClure accompanied Henry in 1953. He was in the first flush of a new romance with a beautiful woman. They were hosted by an important critic, author and publisher, Maurice Nadeau. They then spent several months in France as the guest of major publishers Bûchet and Gallimard, the actor Michel Simon, Blaise Cendrars, Joseph Delteil, André Maillet and other friends. They also traveled to Spain to spend time with Alfred Perlès, (Miller wrote about one encounter in *Reunion in Barcelona*), as well as to Belgium and to Wales, where they visited John Cowper Powys.

Anaïs' first return to Paris was in the fall of 1954. She had published *Under a Glass Bell* earlier that year, in a small printing. It had sold surprisingly well, but profits were meager. She was deep in debt. The Guilers were living beyond their means. Henry was now flush with royalties. He had started sending her \$100 a month. Hugo Guiler suddenly had to go to Paris for business. He loved luxury. On their visit, they stayed, despite his numerous recent financial problems, at one of the city's most expensive destinations, Hôtel Crillon, on place de la Concorde.

Many of those who had been dear to Anaïs during her Paris years were now dead or scattered everywhere. Moricand died penniless and alone (on August 31st 1954) after the debacle of his stay in Big Sur with Miller, recounted in *A Devil in Paradise* (1956). René Allendy died in 1942. Otto Rank in 1939. Pierre Chareau in 1950. Anaïs' father in 1949.

Naturally, Anaïs was curious to see her houseboat, where so many memories had been forged—so many pages written. The houseboat had important symbolic meaning for her. She believed *La Belle Aurore* had remained in a graveyard for boats, at Bougival

(home of Turgenev), close to Louveciennes. Among the wreckage of innumerable ships, it was nowhere to be found. A few old neighbors remained at Villa Seurat, such as Chana Orloff, who had sculpted Anaïs and Otto Rank, back in the mid-1930s—but she did not look them up. Her last memories of the street had been sad ones—clearing Henry’s studio of his remaining possessions, after his departure for Greece. There is no mention of Louveciennes. Perhaps the thought of visiting 2bis rue de Montbuisson was too painful even to contemplate.

Anaïs did visit the sculptor Ossip Zadkine, (whom she had never known well) at his studio on the rue d’Assas. Zadkine had first met June Mansfield, in 1927, when she abandoned Henry in Brooklyn to travel to Paris with Jean Kronski. In 1928, she introduced Zadkine to Henry on his first trip. Henry always suspected they had been lovers—but agreed to June becoming a New York agent for Zadkine’s work, which she did, briefly, in 1928-9. Two of his works were on show in their Clinton Street apartment. Upon his return to Paris, alone in March 1930, Henry immediately looked up Zadkine, who later became Borowski in *Tropic of Cancer*. Because of Henry’s jealousy and resentment of Zadkine, the two men rarely saw each other after 1932.

Louise de Vilmorin, whom Anaïs saw at a book signing (for *Les Belles Amours*, published by Gallimard), was a wealthy socialite and novelist, whose earlier husband, Henry Hunt, had been a client of Hugo’s back in the early 1930s. She appears, disguised, in *The House of Incest* and *Under a Glass Bell*, and in the Diary. Jean Carteret, also mentioned in *Paris Revisited*, was a friend of Hugo and Anaïs from the 1930s—a would-be writer, astrologer and student of the occult, who had once been her lover. She wrote about him as “The All-Seeing” in *Under a Glass Bell*.

Anaïs knew the novelist, playwright and non-fiction writer Richard Wright from Greenwich Village. They had met via Tennessee Williams. In 1943, she had invited Wright to a Haïtian party. They stayed in touch and later, when trying to make Hugo jealous, she even claimed (falsely) Wright had wanted to take her to Paris with him. Wright had first heard about the absence of racism in France from black veterans returning from World War One. He also had a profound love of French literature. He had been inspired by figures as diverse as Marcel Proust, Henri Barbusse, André Gide, Louis Aragon and André Malraux. Like the young Henry Miller, he dreamed of visiting Paris and, in 1945, traveled to Québec to get an idea of French culture until he was able to make his first visit. He felt a close kinship with leading expatriate Gertrude Stein, who first welcomed him to France in 1946. Wright quickly fell in love with the city, in part because:

There is such an absence of race hate that it seems a little unreal. Above all, Paris strikes me as a truly gentle city, with gentle manners.

The writer, still regularly abused in public for his mixed marriage and called “boy” in New York, was welcomed and fêted as a major author. In 1947, he moved there permanently, to, as he put it, “claim his soul.” The French literary establishment soon embraced him. Jean-Paul Sartre became one of his leading supporters. The Mistral Bookstore, where he gave readings and signings, became one of his regular haunts. In the Diary version of this text there are passages describing Wright’s experience in France, which were omitted from *Paris Revisited*.



Small details from her account show how Anaïs blended fact and fiction in her published Diary entries. She mentions the grave of Hans Reichel in *Paris Revisited*. Reichel did not die until December 7th 1958—some four years after the visit she is supposedly describing. Moricand did not die on a barge for indigents. George Whitman did not come to Paris, as Anaïs claims, because he had read her “Houseboat” story. He came, following military service in Greenland, to work at a resettlement camp for war orphans, in 1945—and then studied a course in French language and civilization at *la Sorbonne*. Nor did he ever own a bookstore (or live) on a houseboat in Paris. His first bookstore and lending library there ran from his room at the Hôtel de Suez, 31 Boulevard St. Michel. It was here that he met a young Ph.D student and former naval officer, who later became known as the poet and publisher Lawrence Ferlinghetti (he was then still known as Ferling). Ferlinghetti had dated George’s sister, Mary, at Columbia and arrived with a letter of introduction. Reading and talking together in this cramped hotel room, they soon became close friends.

Ferlinghetti recalled:

George was seated in an armchair in the middle of his tiny room in his third-rate hotel. Books were piled from floor to ceiling, on all four sides. He had something cooking over a can of sterno.

Inspired by George’s efforts, Ferlinghetti founded the world-famous City Lights bookstore and publishing house, in San Francisco. He later celebrated George’s store in both poems and his novel *Love in the Days of Rage*. Ferlinghetti’s most famous book, *Coney Island of the Mind*, took its title from Henry Miller’s *Black Spring*. George Whitman subsequently

had a successful bookstore, La Librairie Franco-Américaine, at The Paris City Club on the Boulevard de Courcelles, before he bought an old Arab grocery at 37 rue de la Bûcherie, *kilomètre zéro*, facing Nôtre Dame, with an inheritance, in 1951.

George Whitman, some say, named his store Mistral after the poet, Gabriella Mistral, not Frédéric or the southern wind. Others say that he named it after a girlfriend, Jacqueline. The store eventually took over the name of Sylvia Beach's Shakespeare & Company after her death. It continues to trade today—the most famous English-language bookstore on continental Europe, his beautiful daughter, Sylvia Beach Whitman, at the helm. George Whitman was, together with Lawrence Ferlinghetti, elected to *l'Ordre des Arts et Lettres* in 2006 for major contributions to literature.

Paris Revisited gives us a fascinating glimpse of the early days of George Whitman's bookstore. By the time of the first publication of a version of this text (1972), the name had been Shakespeare & Company for nearly a decade. Internal clues reveal that Anaïs composed her account from impressions garnered over several years. The first of the tens of thousands of guests who have stayed there spent the night in August 1951. How could George expect Miller to stay in 1954, when he did not have contact with him until five years later? The Beat writers did not become part of the Mistral scene until October 1957. Allen Ginsberg and Williams S. Burroughs were unknown in Paris in 1954. Burroughs later gave his first ever reading at the Mistral. One of the more famous readings there was given on April 13th 1958, by Burroughs, Ginsberg and Gregory Corso, when Corso stripped naked to read, flanked by two bodyguards. On Christmas Day 1957, Gregory had spent the day reading and writing at the bookstore, where George served him Scotch and ice cream and

donuts. Whitman intended, at various times, to become a publisher. In 1958, he almost published a series of broadsides, which included Corso's famous *Bomb* poem, and was to be followed by others by Ginsberg, Philip Whalen and Gary Snyder. Ten years later, he was advertising a private press edition of Ginsberg's *Travel Diary of a Poet*. Ginsberg and Corso were regulars at the bookstore until their deaths.

James Jones and William Styron, whom Anaïs might appear to disparage in *Paris Revisited*, were both *habitués* of the Mistral, when they lived in Paris. Apart from the fact that both men sometimes liked to drink, there could have been little objection to either. They were serious and acclaimed writers. Jones published *From Here to Eternity* in 1951. It won the National Book Award. The Modern Library later named it among the 100 best novels of the twentieth century. Jones, who lived nearby, on Île de la Cité, came to France to write a novel about Americans in Paris, based around the life of his favorite musician, Django Reinhardt. William Styron published *Lie Down in Darkness* in 1951, when he was twenty-six. He was awarded the *Prix de Rome*. For his later books, he received the Pulitzer Prize for Fiction and the William Dean Howells Medal (*Confessions of Nat Turner*) and the National Book Award (*Sophie's Choice*). He also received the Prix Mondial Cino Del Duca and The United States National Medal of Arts, as well as being elected to Commander of the *Légion d'honneur*.

Henry Miller visited George Whitman's bookstore in 1959, in the company of Lawrence Durrell. After he moved to the south of France, Durrell got to know George well. He became a regular guest at the Mistral. George published Durrell in the first issue of his *Paris Magazine*, 1967, alongside work by Pablo Neruda, Piero Helizer, Allen Ginsberg and Jean-Paul Sartre and an interview with Marguerite Duras. George sometimes visited Durrell in Languedoc, as did his daughter.

Henry Miller was, George wrote:

...never a *habitué* like his friends Anaïs Nin and Lawrence Durrell, but he visited here on more than one occasion, sometimes spending a few hours in conversation in the library above the bookstore. Once, accompanied by Lawrence Durrell, he came like a ghost in the middle of the night awakening our guests to listen to his inimitable conversation, while sharing a bottle of wine.

In 1966, the *préfecture* forced Whitman to close his bookstore, for nearly a year, due to problems with French bureaucracy. A second issue of *Paris Magazine* planned to carry Miller's essay on Eugene Ionesco, whose plays still run so successfully on the nearby rue de la Huchette.

At the entrance to the bookstore, still stands a sign: "All the characters are fictitious in the bookstore Henry Miller calls 'A Wonderland of Books'." When Johnson Reprint Corporation re-issued Miller and Perlès' *The Booster* in 1968, Durrell and Perlès were guests of honor at a reception there. Anaïs gave readings and book-signings at George's store when she was in Paris, as recalled by one of the most important *habitués*—poet, artist and musician, Ted Joans.⁴ A visitor can still find quotes from Miller hidden in various locations among the stacks.



Although Anaïs praised the original Shakespeare & Company belonging to Sylvia Beach, at 18 rue de l'Odéon, in *Paris Revisited*, and seemed to have her doubts about some of the people who frequented George Whitman's store, it is important to remember

that Beach was not a supporter of the writings of Miller, Nin or Durrell. By the mid-1930s she had little time for their publisher, Jack Kahane, whom she had come to think of as a purveyor of smut and books almost certain to face bans. She perhaps resented the fact that Kahane, who had once flirted with her and seemed to be her friend, had succeeded in obtaining the rights to publish James Joyce's *Haveth Childers Everywhere* (Henry Babou & Jack Kahane 1930) and *Pomes Penyeach* (Obelisk 1932). Beach had, after all, published *Ulysses* (Shakespeare & Company 1922) and given Joyce every kind of practical and financial support. Kahane made no secret of the fact he always hoped he could wrest the rights to *Ulysses* from her.

Sylvia Beach did nothing to promote the writings of the friends from the Villa Seurat after carrying Anaïs' first book, *D.H. Lawrence: An Unprofessional Study*, published by Edward Titus in 1932. Miller was also extremely hostile to Joyce. It could hardly have helped relations that Ezra Pound wrote that Miller had, in *Tropic of Cancer*, "out-Joyced Joyce"—or that Miller had stolen a passage from "Work in Progress" (*Finnegans Wake*) for his first published book. In her memoir, Sylvia Beach barely hints at Miller's presence in Paris.

George Whitman did far more than Sylvia Beach to help Miller, Durrell and Nin, over many decades. All three authors have always been widely represented in his library and bookstore—even when Miller's books were widely banned.⁵ Jean Fanchette's *Two Cities* magazine (1959-64), which had its editorial offices and main outlet at 37 rue de la Bûcherie, published all three writers. Durrell introduced Anaïs to Fanchette when he suggested they meet on her visits in 1958-9.

Fanchette was born in Mauritius on May 6th 1932. He came to Paris to study medicine and neuro-psychiatry in 1951—and later

became a member of The Paris Psychoanalytical Society. He was to become an award-winning poet, novelist and essayist, whose books went on to win the Prix Fénéon, Prix Paul Valéry and Prix de la Langue Française of the French Academy. His collected poems, *L'Île Equinoxe* (Editions Philippe Rey, Paris) includes a preface by Nobel Laureate J.M.G. Le Clézio. Fanchette is typical of the lesser-known, but highly important, writers who frequented the Mistral.

In the late 1950s, Fanchette wrote extensively about Durrell's work, which he discovered on a visit to Blackwell's in Oxford, in 1957. He already knew of Durrell from *The Colossus of Maroussi*. Obtaining Durrell's address from a publicity agent at his French publisher, Fanchette approached him with a copy of the magazine *Lettres Suivent*—literary supplement to the medical students' magazine, which he had been editing. It had a circulation of twelve thousand and included his essay *Lawrence Durrell ou la démesure de la lumière*. From this, their friendship began.

When Fanchette launched *Two Cities*, from George Whitman's bookstore, in April 1959, with a special number largely devoted to Durrell, Anaïs Nin was the New York editor. She came to think, for a time, of Fanchette, along with George Whitman, as her best friends in France. The friendship with George was to prove, unlike that with Fanchette, enduring. Fanchette offered to translate *Spy in the House of Love* and help her get published in French. This was profoundly important to Anaïs. She felt America had rejected and overlooked her. She believed she would (like Miller) find true recognition and acceptance in France and might subsequently move back there.

Durrell and Miller were, during the late 1950s and early 1960s at the height of their fame. With the publication of the

individual volumes of *The Alexandria Quartet*, Durrell was suddenly internationally known. Dozens of court cases erupted over the 1961 Grove Press edition of *Tropic of Cancer*. Durrell also edited *The Henry Miller Reader* during this period. Miller was inducted into the American Academy of Arts and Letters in 1959. Meanwhile, Durrell came together with Miller and Perlès to compile *Art & Outrage*. He also had major success, in Germany, with his plays *Sappho* and *Acte*. Both Miller and Durrell were bestsellers and considered major literary figures. *The Alexandria Quartet* was translated into multiple languages. *Tropic of Cancer* sold by the hundreds of thousands. There was even talk of Durrell receiving the Nobel Prize.

Relations between Anaïs and Jean Fanchette eventually soured, in part due to the objections of her agent and editor Gunther Stuhlmann—who wanted unilateral control over outlets for her writing. He insisted that all her publications and translations be by written agreement—the terms to be established by contracts that passed through his office, which he oversaw. The kind of practices that Miller and his friends participated in the days of Obelisk Press and *The Booster* were unacceptable to him. Used to commercial failure, rejection and being dropped by publishers, Anaïs was often only too happy to accept any signs of encouragement and support for her work. This led her to enter into agreements that were not in her best interests. Sensing the fame that Anaïs might enjoy if her work was handled astutely (perhaps aided by her links to the now famous Miller and Durrell), Stuhlmann wanted to ensure the opportunity did not slip by. He felt he had to protect her from herself. Anaïs also felt embarrassed that some of the writing she and Stuhlmann (at her request) had solicited for *Two Cities* was rejected or, even worse, unacknowledged. Fanchette's translation

of her book was, she claimed, “rough,” and not good enough to publish. Stuhlmann subsequently played the major role in ensuring the critical and commercial success of her books.

During these years, Anaïs (profoundly hurt by her own obscurity and commercial failures) was often touchy and quick to take offense where none was intended. Durrell wrote a preface for Peter Owen’s edition of *Children of the Albatross*, which Anaïs had promised to Owen before she even asked Durrell to write it, only to find himself lambasted for some imagined slight. Owen told Stuhlmann that her objections were “idiotic.”⁶ Anaïs was, in 1959, still furious with Miller for allowing Alfred Perlès’ *My Friend Henry Miller* to appear. She requested Stuhlmann stop publishers from approaching Miller for a preface for any of her books. “He writes,” she insisted, “nonsense about writing and writers.” She lied that he did not like to do prefaces or blurbs, to preempt any objections.

Two Cities continued to operate from George Whitman’s bookstore, with some success. An issue dedicated to one of Miller’s early favorites, Rabindranath Tagore, sold three thousand copies. It even included a contribution by Nehru. Durrell, who read *The Naked Lunch* in the Obelisk Press edition, suggested that Fanchette publish something by William S. Burroughs. He went on to publish, in book form, *Minutes to Go*—the famous collaboration by Burroughs, Brion Gysin, Gregory Corso and Sinclair Beiles, the “Bible” of the “cut-up” books. Other authors published by *Two Cities* include: William Golding, Ted Hughes, Aldous Huxley, Peter Levi, Joseph Delteil, Richard Wright, Octavio Paz, Fernando Pessoa, Dylan Thomas, Yves Bonnefoy and Rainer Maria Rilke.

George Whitman’s store was also, for a time, home to the editorial offices of the important literary review *Merlin* (whose

editors discovered the fiction of Samuel Beckett) and a meeting point for the founders of *The Paris Review*. The literary historian of Paris, James Campbell reminded us that the Mistral was known as “*the* Left Bank Arts Center.” Continuing the connection to Villa Seurat writers, the *Association Henry Miller* held the most significant exhibition of works by and relating to the author of *Tropic of Cancer* ever held in Europe at the bookstore in 1994. Among the exhibits were many rare books signed by Anaïs Nin and Lawrence Durrell.



For attentive readers, Anaïs Nin’s *Paris Revisited* is more than an assertion of the indestructibility of the spirit of place that allows Paris to continue to be a haven and fecundating home for writers and creative artists of all kinds. While Anaïs undoubtedly wanted to stress the possibilities that Paris offers to generation after generation of talented individuals, there is also an undertone of sadness and regret etched between the lines. Recognition for Anaïs came too late for her to enjoy the success and acclaim she so obviously deserved—both in France and America. When she became, briefly, the “darling of the lecture circles and feminists” in the mid-1970s, she was already close to dying. Her fame was initially based on the life people thought she had lived, rather than the one she actually had. By living a life so long constructed on a foundation of lies, suspended on the high-wire, between two men and two worlds, she made it impossible to tell the truth about either her feelings or the experiences that were at the heart of the Diary and the fiction that was derived from it. She was subsequently perceived as mistreating even those who had admired and championed her.

Robert Zaller remembered her as:

...haunted by the sense that her celebrity was transient and her reputation insecure. Slightings and betrayals were accordingly magnified in her eyes, and she could be bitter about those who had misused her.

Anaïs was obsessed by how she would be perceived in the future. Fear was, some said, the dominant emotion in her life.

Barbara Kraft wrote that:

By her own admission, Anaïs was not a courageous woman. She was afraid: afraid of poverty, afraid of being abandoned, afraid of aging, afraid of and unable to face life as it presents itself.

Henry Miller had raised the same charge against her, in his birthday gift, written from Greece, in 1939. What both failed to realize was the tremendous courage it took to live the life she lived and to write the books she wrote, in the face of decades of hostility and incomprehension. She put everything she held dear at risk every single day, in order to help others and to continue to write. This went on for decades. Those who criticized her were often glad to accept her help and charity. She did what she did because she knew no other way to survive in a world she perceived as cruel, unjust and malign.

Anaïs Nin has finally emerged from the shadow of Miller and Durrell. The truth about her life has been told. She has not been found to be lacking in courage. She is now widely considered an important writer. She remains an inspiration to people, the world over.

Anaïs made a clear distinction between fact and truth, between realism and reality. The person I can think of who most shared this enlightened world-view, which lies at the heart of creation,

is George Whitman. He never judged her. He remembered her always as a fine writer and a beautiful young woman. He always championed her cause. It is fitting and appropriate that their names be linked in this new edition of *Paris Revisited*. George Whitman's Shakespeare & Company, formerly the Mistral, has been the most important venue for Anglophone creative writers in Paris for the last sixty years. Anaïs Nin remains indelibly linked to its history. With Sylvia Whitman as its guiding light, the recent revival of *Paris Magazine*, a literary festival and a prize for new writing, a modern day writer as deserving of success as Anaïs Nin could well be the next discovery. Paris has never failed us yet. The best may be yet to come.

*Karl Orend
Meudon*

Endnotes

1. Georges Pelorsen (later Belmont) became Miller's French translator and conducted his best interview, published as *Henry Miller in Conversation* (Quadrangle 1971). See Vincent Giroud "Transition to Vichy: The Case of Georges Pelorsen" in *Modernism/modernity* volume 7, No. 2 April 2000 pp. 221-48.

Raymond Queneau was a major French writer, who also worked for Gallimard. His works are published in the *Bibliothèque de la Pléiade*.

For Conrad Moricand, see Karl Orend *The Brotherhood of Fools and Simpletons: Gods and Devils in Henry Miller's Utopia* (Alyscamps Press 2006) and Henry Miller *A Devil in Paradise* (Signet 1956).

2. September 23rd 1939. "Henry, who can leave a sinking ship without a backwards glance. In one day, he turned his back on France and all those he seemed to love so much."

3. See Benjamin Franklin V's introduction to the reissue of *The Winter of Artifice: A Facsimile of the Original 1939 Paris Edition* Sky Blue Press 2007 for detailed background.

4. A poem dedicated to and remembrance of Anaïs Nin by Ted Joans can be found in *Anaïs Nin: A Book of Mirrors* Sky Blue Press 1996.

5. Many people connected to all three writers have been regular guests, writers in residence or frequent visitors. These include: Maurice Girodias, Branko Aleksić, Frédéric-Jacques Temple, Béatrice Commengé, Georges Belmont, Irving Stettner, Noël Riley Fitch, Joseph Strick, Cecily Mackworth, Georges Hoffman, Patrick von Richthofen, Roger Jackson, Brenda Venus, Bertrand Mathieu, John Calder, Jim Haynes, Elayne Waering Fitzpatrick, Bradley Smith, Pascal Vrebos, George Wickes and Norman Mailer.

6. See *A Café in Space: The Anaïs Nin Literary Journal*, volume 3, 2005, for the letters between Nin and Stuhlmann during this point in her career.

Album

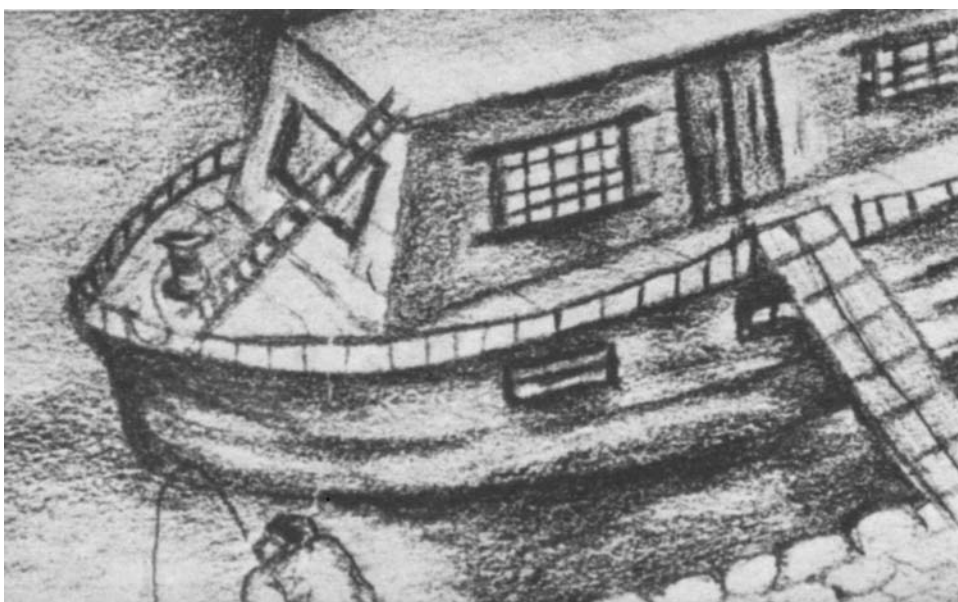
The following photographs illustrate some of the people and places mentioned in *Paris Revisited* and images that would have been evoked by Anaïs Nin's memories upon her return to Paris.



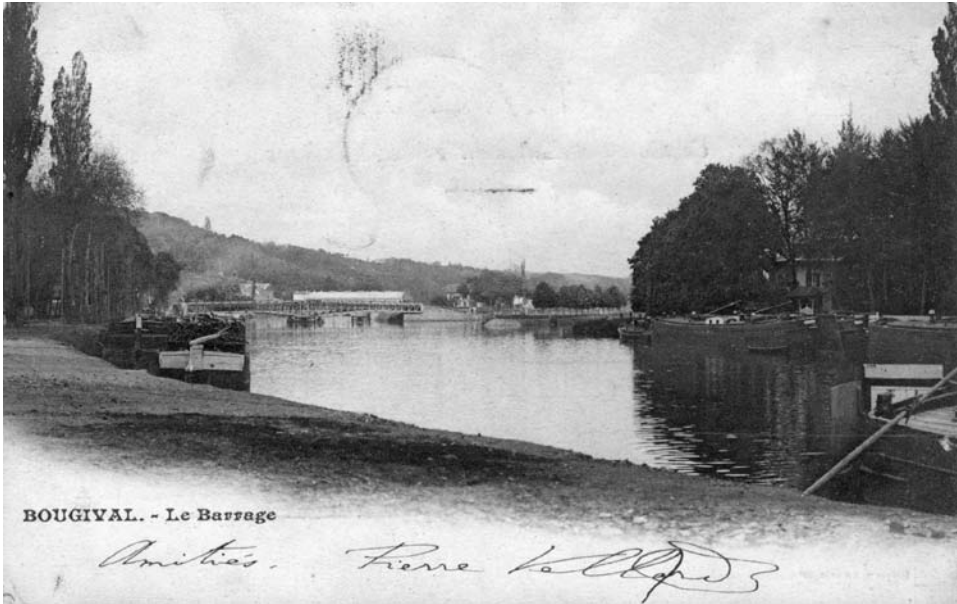
*Anaïs Nin aboard La Belle Aurore, Paris
(Copyright © The Anaïs Nin Trust).*



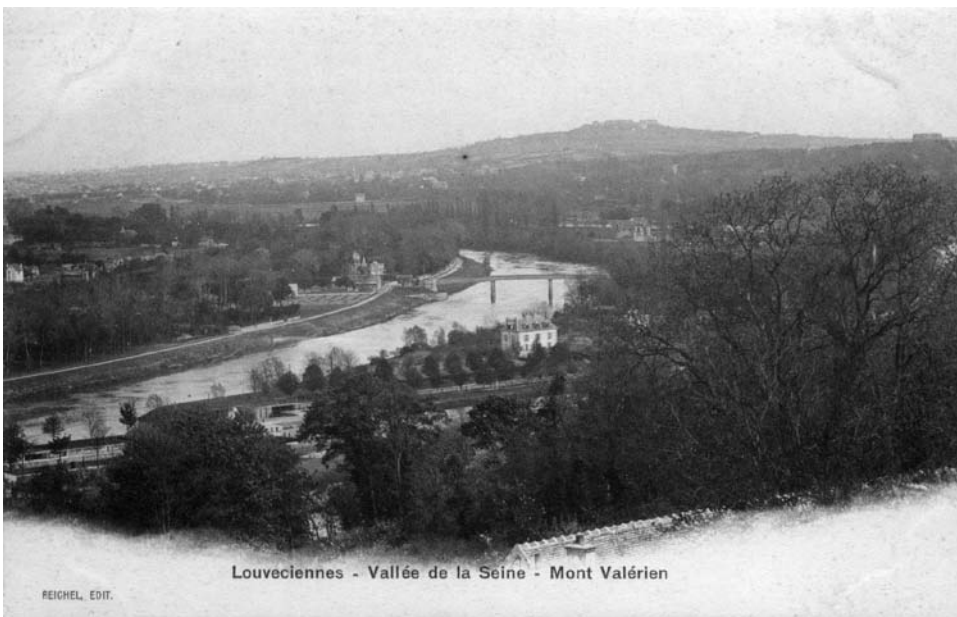
La Belle Aurore
(Copyright © The Anaïs Nin Trust).



Drawing of La Belle Aurore by Gonzalo Moré
(Copyright © The Anaïs Nin Trust).



La Seine at Bougival.



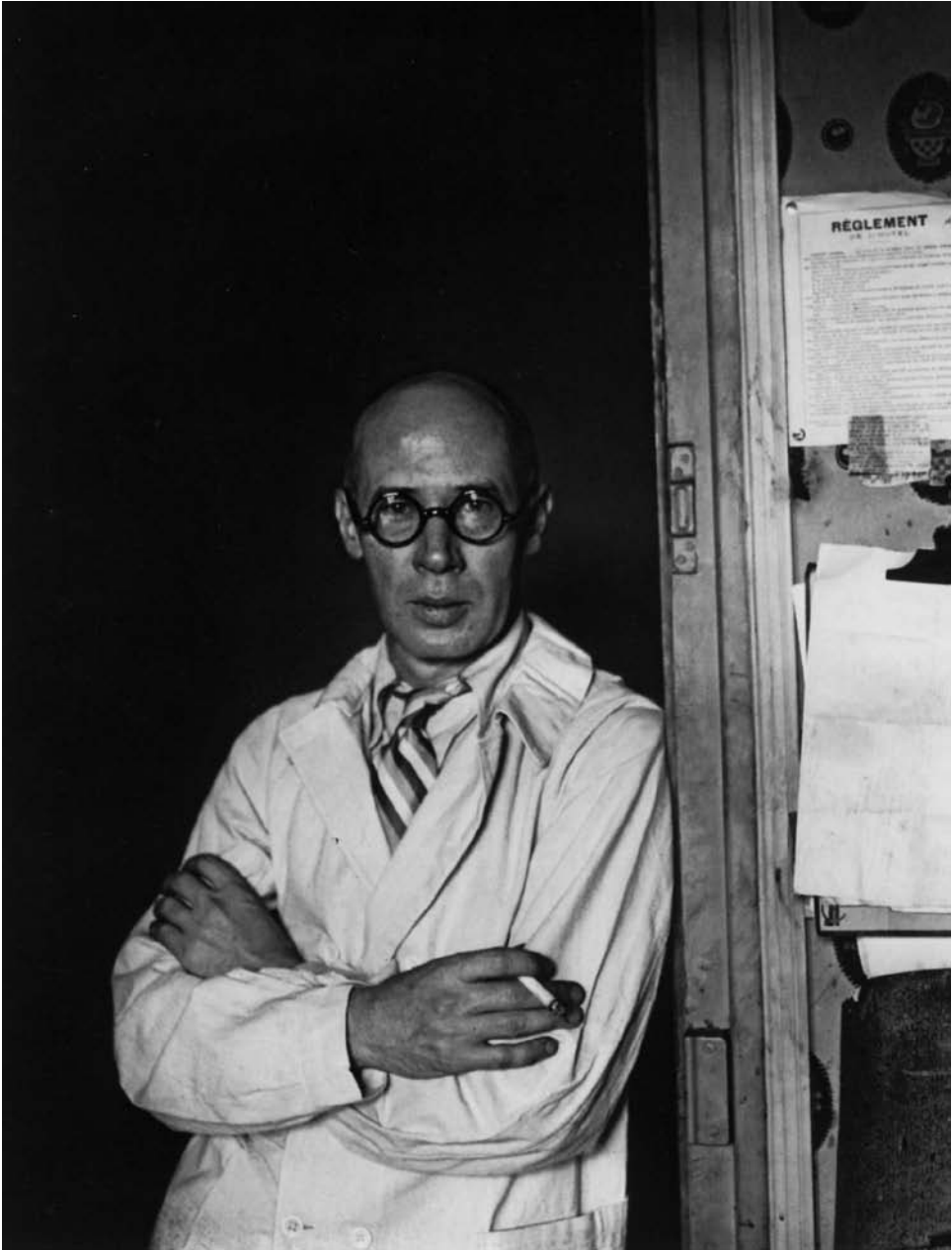
View of la Seine at Louveciennes.



Bougival seen from the river.



*Henry Miller at his Clinton St. apartment, Brooklyn in 1929,
shortly before he left for Paris.*



Henry Miller in 1932 around the time he first became aware of Anaïs Nin.

EDISON, 1932, FEB 21

Sunday

Encore une et c'est
fini, - le grand corres-
pondance.

I'm quitting - happy
as a convict getting
his release.

I received a telegram
and letter from my
friend Fred saying
that the editor offered
me a permanent job
on the Tribune as
assistant finance
editor. Salary to start
1200 frs. a month
(pas beaucoup!) but a
chance for an increase
soon. The hours are
8³⁰ P.M. to 1st A.M.
(my hours) and the
work easy.

What could I do but
accept. It means
a sort of independence,
Paris, and life. I

Fragment of an early letter from Henry Miller to Anaïs Nin,
written from Dijon.



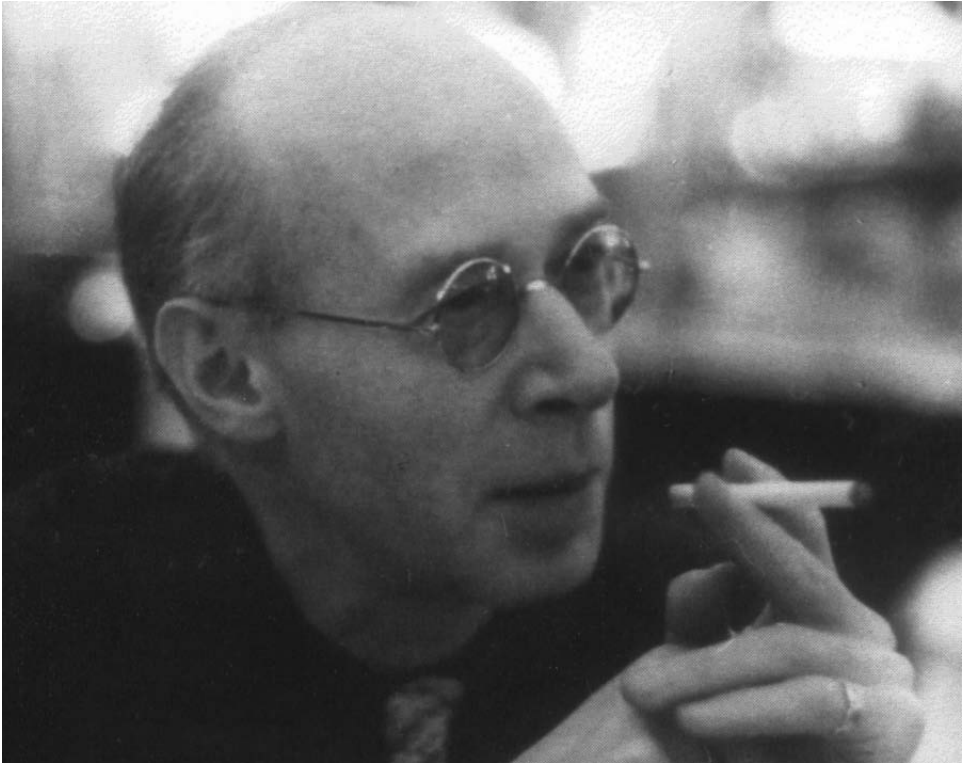
David Edgar, Henry Miller, Michael Fraenkel, and Alfred Perlès with friends.



Painter Abraham Rattner with Henry Miller at a Paris café.



Sculpture of Anaïs Nin by Chana Orloff, one of Henry Miller's neighbors in the Villa Seurat.



Henry Miller at a Paris café.



Antonin Artaud, friend of Anaïs Nin.



The Café Zeyer at Place Alésia where Miller and Fraenkel began their Hamlet correspondence and where Henry and Anaïs often ate together.



Lawrence Durrell on his boat, Van Norden, in Corfu around the time he met Henry Miller and Anaïs Nin for the first time.



*Betty Ryan's Villa Seurat studio during an exhibition
of paintings by Hans Reichel.*



Henry Miller tending the fire in his Villa Seurat studio.



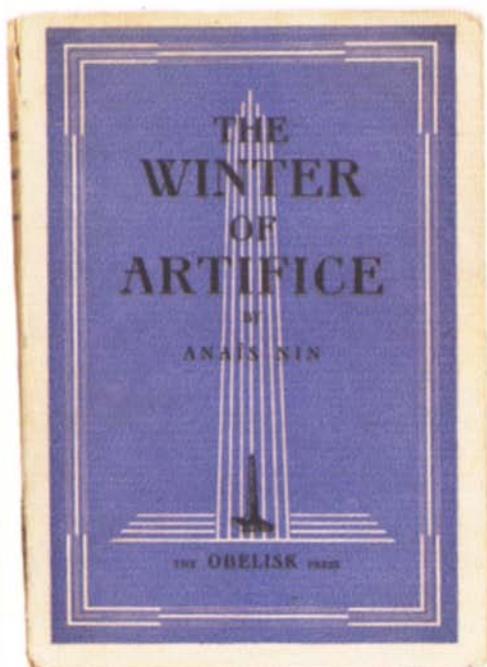
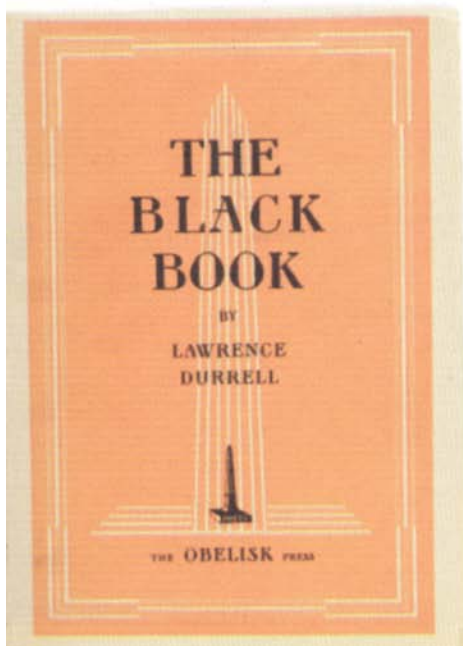
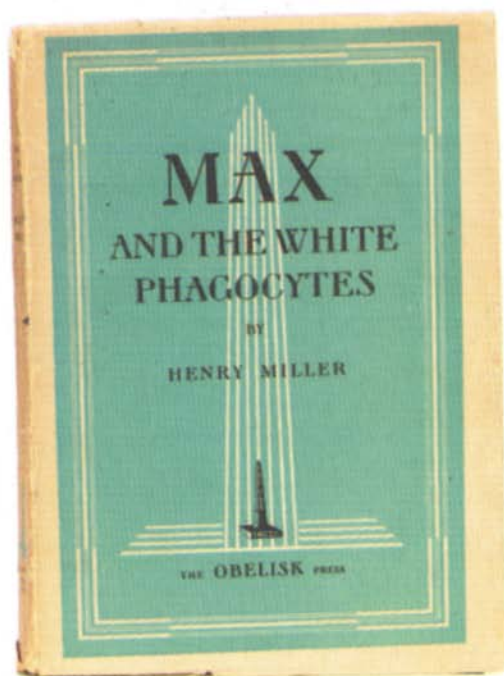
Above: Henry Miller's writing desk at 18 Villa Seurat.



Right: View from Henry Miller's studio window.



Jack Kahane, publisher of Obelisk Press.



Obelisk Press editions from the 1930s.

In the beginning was the Word,
but for the Word to come
forth there had first to be
a separation of some kind.

To detach itself from the
bosom of creation there
had to be a need, a human
need. The word is always
a reminder of a more perfect
state, of a union or unity
which is ineffable and
undescribable. Creation is
always difficult because it
is an attempt to recover
what is lost. To regain we
must first feel abandoned.

*Above and following page: Fragments from an unpublished book which
Henry Miller wrote by hand as a gift for Anaïs Nin in 1939.*

To me the diary is like the moving needle of the compass. Though it is always pointed north, it moves nevertheless with the ship and with those who are sailing it and with the currents that direct the ship's course. If we imagine your ship to sail endlessly on, as it undoubtedly will, the destination will change as the stars themselves change their course. The direction will always be due north, but the voyage will be elliptical, changes of climate rather than change of latitude and longitude. In your interminable log only the handwriting remains unalterable. The signature will always be your own, always swift, precise and legible.



Henry Miller and Lawrence Durrell in Corfu, 1939.



Salvador Dalí, Henry Miller and friends at Caresse Crosby's house in Bowling Green, 1940.



Hôtel Crillon, Paris—where Anaïs Nin stayed on later trips to Paris.



*Hugo Guiler, Eduardo Sanchez and Anaïs Nin in Louveciennes
(Copyright © The Anaïs Nin Trust).*



George Whitman at the Mistral, circa 1954.




Brendan Behan and George Whitman at the Mistral, 1950s.



George Whitman inside the Mistral bookstore 1950s.



George Whitman, Richard Wright and others outside the Mistral bookstore 1950s.



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EVENINGS

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It is LAWRENCE
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edition 1900 fr)

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From All Decent Society As
Below The Level Of A Bore -
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PARIS BOOK NEWS

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THE AMERICAN BOOKSTORE ON THE LEFT BANK
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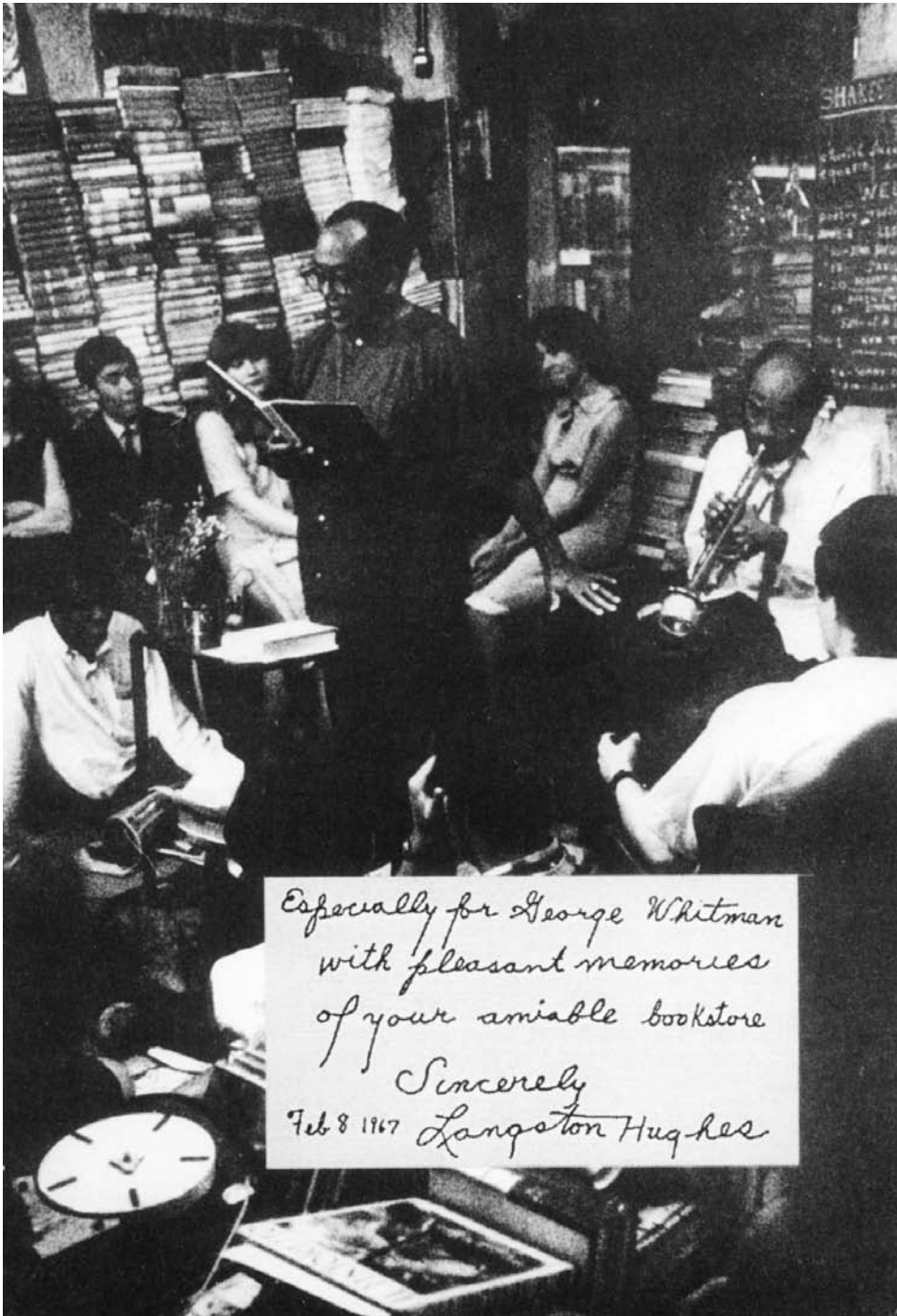
SAT. NOV. 17 4 P.M.	Reception For RICHARD WRIGHT BLACK PLOW, COLOUR CURTAIN, NATIVE SON, 12 MILLION BLACK VOICES & UNCLE TOM'S CHILDREN AVAILABLE FOR AUTOGRAPHING EXHIBIT OF BOOKS ON AFRICA
SAT. DEC. 8 4 P.M.	JAMES BALDWIN will autograph <i>Go Tell It On The Mountain</i> & <i>Notes Of A Native Son</i> The Mistral Girls Will Serve Light Refreshments
DEC. 24 & 25	OPEN HOUSE CHRISTMAS EVE & CHRISTMAS DAY CAROL SINGING
SUN. JAN. 6 4 P.M.	MODERN FRENCH POETRY: Dialogue entre Un Poete et Un Critique (Jean Boston et Henri Rode)
SUN. JAN. 13 4 P.M.	CYBERNETICS & THE ARTS CHARLES HATCHER Poet & Statistician
SUN. JAN. 20 4 P.M.	THIS SEASON IN THE FRENCH THEATRE GORDON KINGHAM Paris Theatre Correspondent Of The London Times
SUN. JAN. 27 4 P.M.	CONTEMPORARY BRITISH DRAMA ISAAC MATALON Impresario
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*Calendar of events from
the Mistral bookstore,
including a reception
for Richard Wright.*

*Gregory Corso writing
in the Mistral
bookstore, 1950s.*

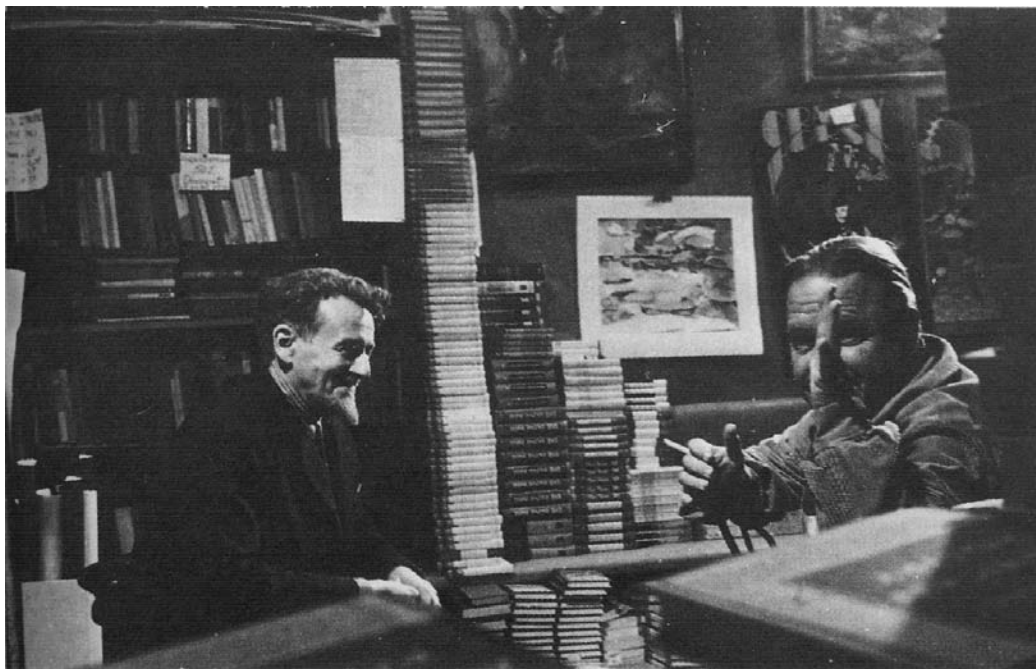




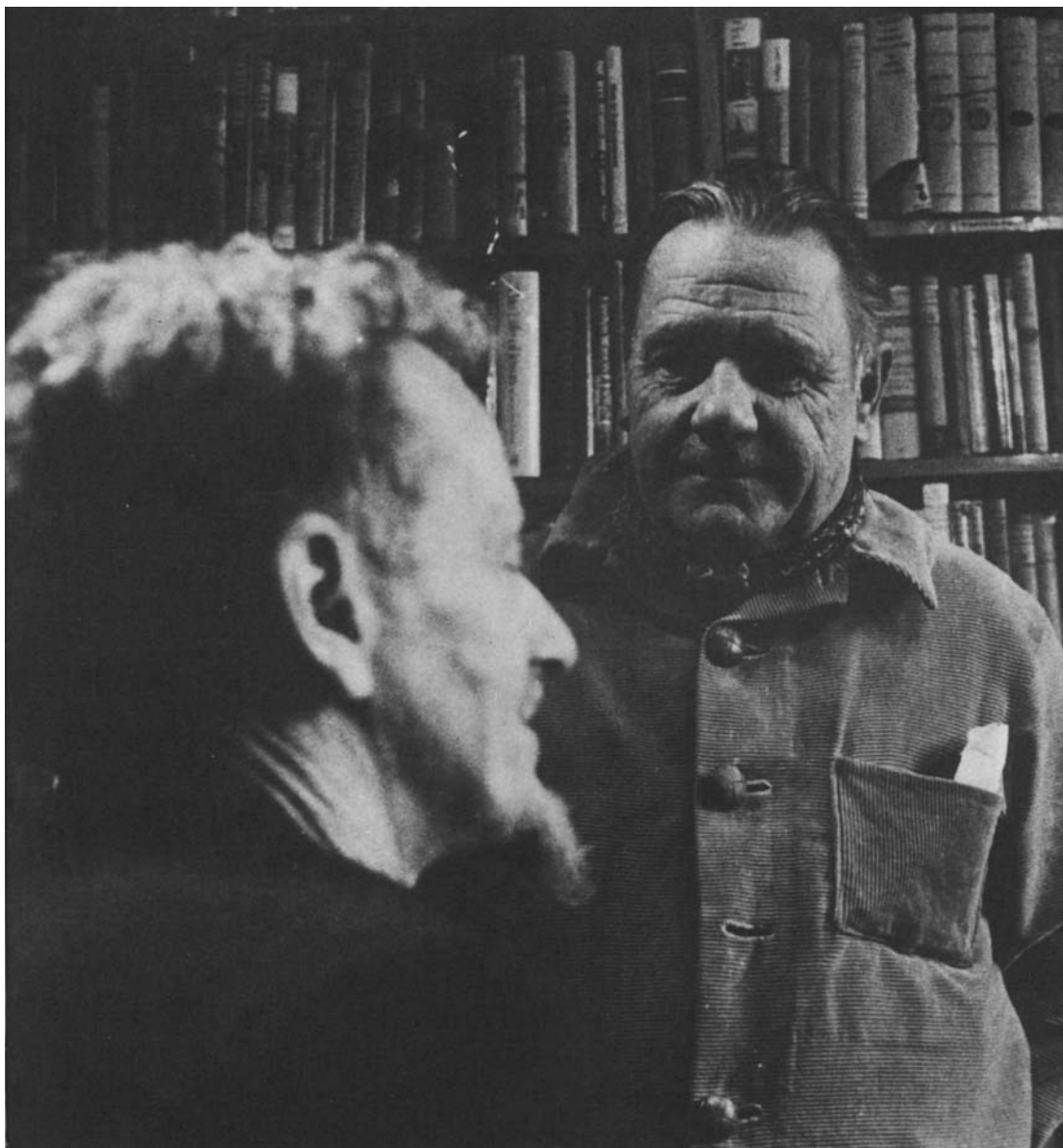
Langston Hughes, friend of Henry Miller, reading in George Whitman's bookstore accompanied by jazz poet Ted Joans.



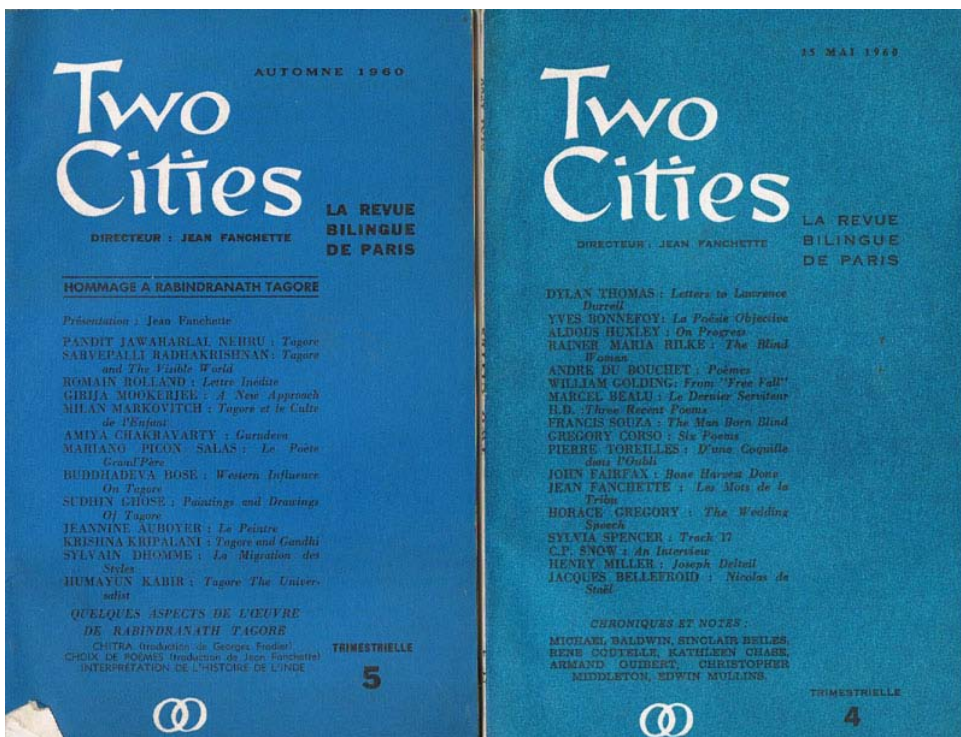
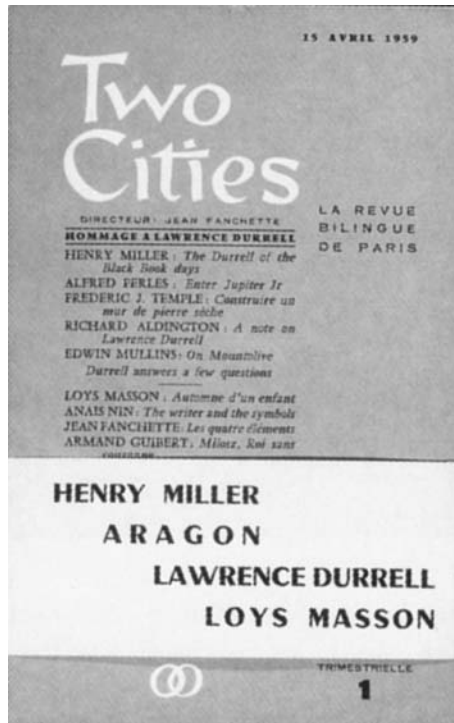
Lawrence Durrell talking to Jean Fanchette, editor of Two Cities magazine, which was published from George Whitman's bookstore and in which Miller, Durrell and Nin all appeared. George Whitman in the background.



George Whitman and Lawrence Durrell.



George Whitman and Lawrence Durrell in the library at Shakespeare & Co.





The Paris Magazine

OCTOBER 1967 2 F N° 1



Man With A Hat. Portrait
In Bronze By Kosta Alex

LETTERS OF
LAWRENCE DURRELL

KANSAS CITY TO SAINT LOUIS
ALLEN GINSBERG

PICTURES OF VIETNAM AT WAR
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROGER PIC
TEXT BY JEAN-PAUL SARTRE

THE LITTLE PRESSES OF ENGLAND
EDWARD LUCIE - SMITH

INTERVIEW AVEC MARGUERITE DURAS
JEAN-MICHEL FOSSEY

APPEAL FROM VIETNAMESE
TO AMERICAN STUDENTS
AN AMERICAN REPLIES
BRUCE FRANKLIN

LETTRE A ANDRÉ MALRAUX
GEORGE WHITMAN



Editorial Offices :

SHAKESPEARE AND COMPANY
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Paris Magazine, October 1967.



George Whitman at his desk, from the October 1967 issue of Paris Magazine.

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84

*James Joyce and
Sylvia Beach outside
her Shakespeare &
Company.*



*Ernest Hemingway
inside Sylvia Beach's
Shakespeare &
Company. Hemingway
played a role in
inspiring Miller
to move to Paris.*



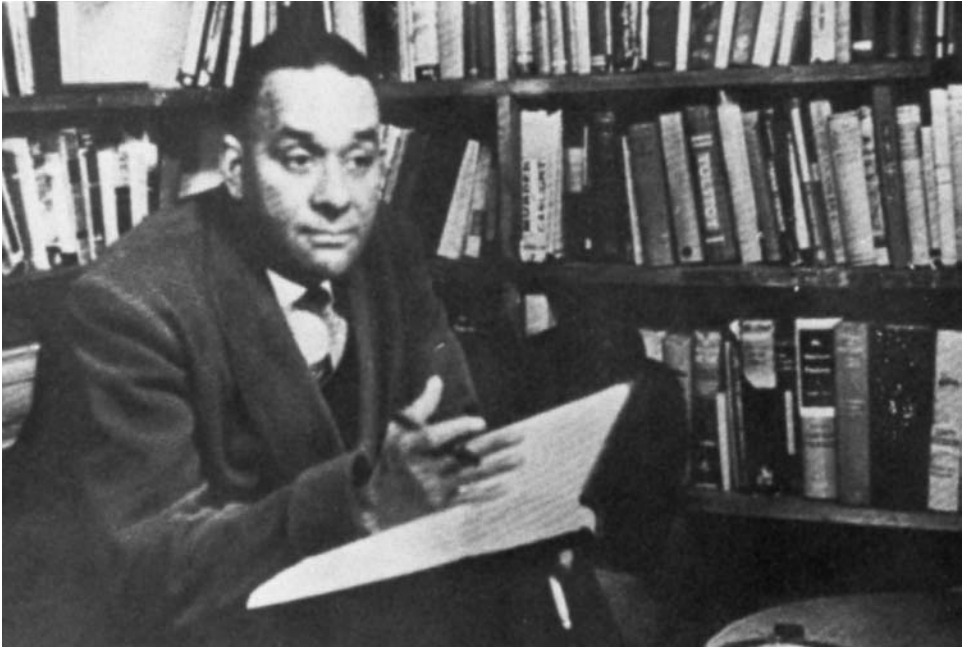
Ossip Zadkine in his garden.



The studio of Ossip Zadkine. June Miller met Zadkine in 1927 and briefly became his New York agent. Miller befriended him in 1928.



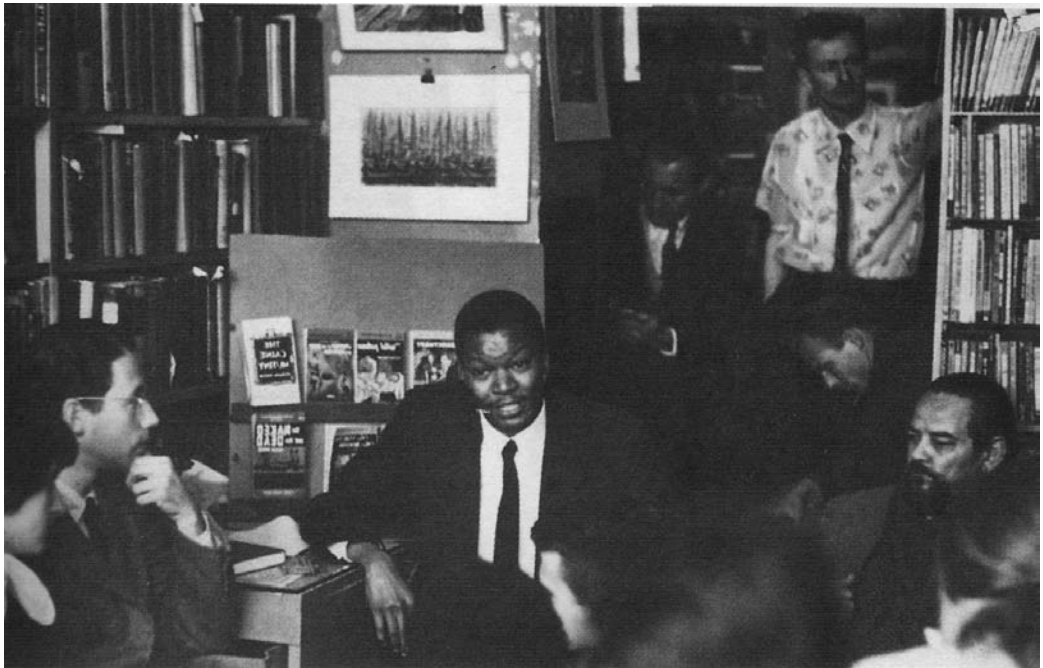
Conrad Moricand with Henry Miller in Big Sur.



Richard Wright in his Paris apartment.



*Richard Wright behind Nôtre Dame on his way
to George Whitman's bookstore.*



Richard Wright talking in the Mistral bookstore, 1956. George Whitman is standing upper right.

SEPTEMBER 15 1973

DEAR GEORGE: SO DISAPPOINTED WHEN A BIG CARTON OF ALL MY BOOKS
A GIFT TO YOU WAS RETURNED. 12 WEEKS ON THE ROAD. IT WAS
MARKED: NON RECLAME. I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS? WERE
THEY TRYING TO CHARGE YOU CUSTOMS? I SENT IT THE USUAL WAY
I SEND BOOKS TO FRIENDS. BY SEA MAIL. I WANTED IT AS A TOKEN
THAT I HAD NOT FORGOTTEN YOU. THAT YOU WERE IN VOLUME 5,
PHOTOGRAPH AND ALL. DO YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED?

HOW IS YOUR MAGAZINE?

I WANTED TO COME TO FRANCE IN THE SPRING BUT THE ONLY
WAY I COULD COME IS TO ACCEPT THE ^{BOOK} FAIR AT NICE AND
I CANNOT AFFORD TO COME INDEPENDENTLY SO I MAY NOT COME FOR
VOLUME 5 AFTER ALL.

I AM HOMESICK FOR PARIS. DID YOU EVER RECEIVE
PARIS REVISITED? YOU MUST BE AS OVERLOADED WITH CORRESPONDENCE
AS I AM.

BECOMING FAMOUS AS HENRY MILLER SAYS, MEANS ONLY
WORK WORK WORK. I WOULD LIKE TO BECOME INFAMOUS AGAIN

Letters from Anaïs Nin
and Lawrence Durrell
to George Whitman.

Anais

Dear George - a line to thank you and to express my
admiration for the marvellous pleasure done you
have engineered - it will bring pride and shelter to
unborn generations of poets, and their work will flourish
accordingly. I am looking forward to doing your signature
and hope you will see that Gallimard (Marie Anne Pini)
and Buchet-Chastel send some books. Also Belfond for
the 'Suppositoire' - the satirist with Mar Alyn: and the
little book of Paul Hordéquin pub'ish. Henri VEYRIER - the
best essay yet - contact the lovely press attaché Chantal
Noël-C. Aubry - in this way we will make the multitude marvel
and spend their money on us. Then I shall curl up in your
room and sleep the deep pure sleep of the unjust.
Yours *Lawrence Durrell*

Sommieres. Tuesday. DEAR George.

Many thanks for your great letter. I hasten to reply lest you

have already stepped on to your magic carpet and wafted off to China. It would be amusing to be your post in residence for a few days and I accept with pleasure but not before the 22nd - the day of the signing chez S. I would like anyway to see your pleasure done as later this year I shall have to spend a week or so in Paris doing some research and might combine it with doing a signature or a soft shoe routine chez vous.

Who will be in charge of the place when you are away? I hear that the library is at six's and seven's still and that you can't find nothing in it - that is the charm, you will say. but I must add that the life of Edgar Poe I bought there has a number of pages torn out - for easy reference I suppose. All this adds up to the simple fact that you can't sell books and go to China for a year at a time.

Anyway thanks for the invite. Will certainly look you up this trip and am PROVE of your confidence in inviting me.



Yours

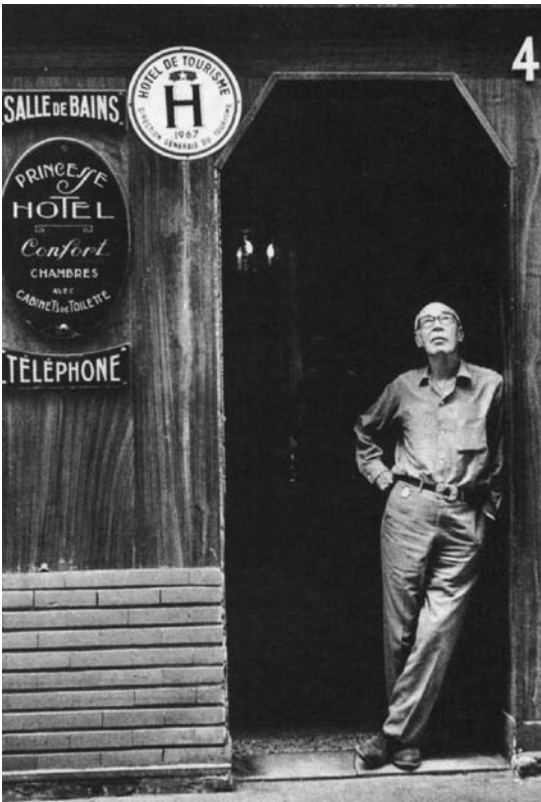
Lang Durrell



Anaïs Nin in Paris circa 1970
(Copyright © The Anaïs Nin Trust).



Henry Miller and Lawrence Durrell at the Edinburgh Festival 1962.



*Henry Miller at the Hôtel Princesse, where part of Tropic of Cancer was written.
Copyright © Louis Goldman.*



Henry Miller at the Eiffel Tower.



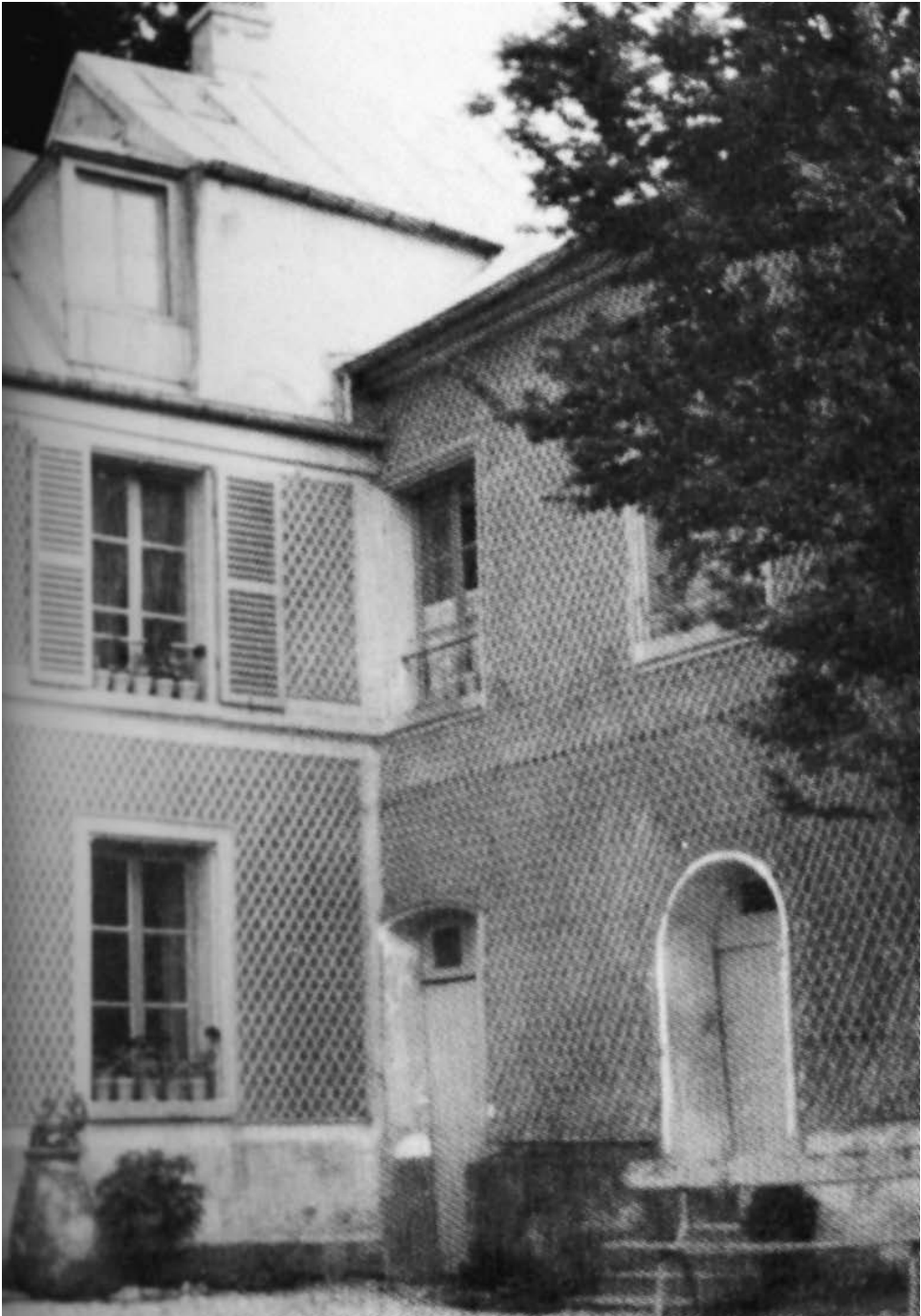
*Henry Miller with Brassai,
Gérald Robitaille and friend,
late 1960s in Paris.*

*Henry Miller revisting
the Villa Seurat,
late 1960s.*





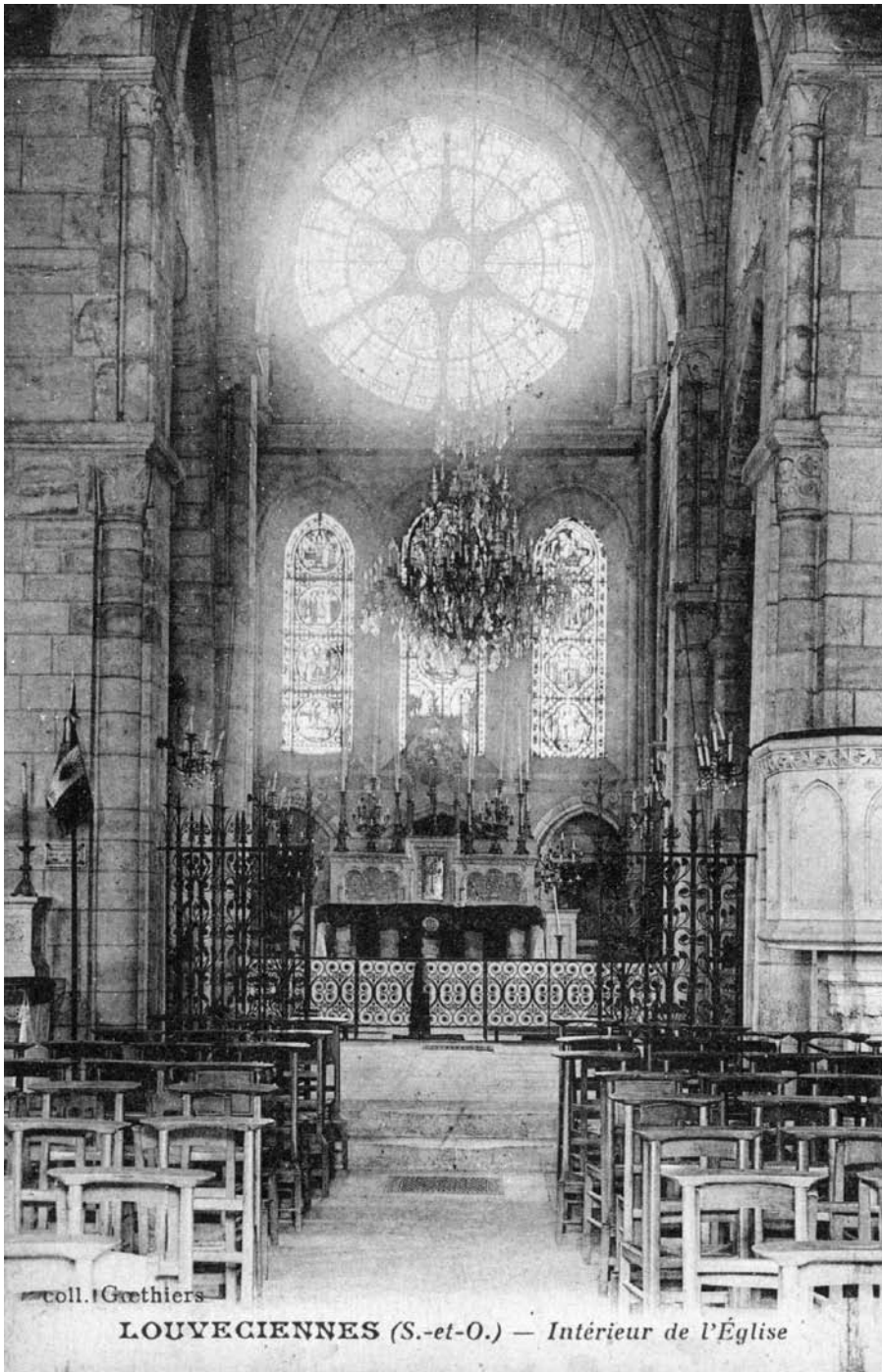
Anaïs Nin by the Seine
(Copyright © The Anaïs Nin Trust).



*2bis rue de Montbuisson, Louveciennes
(Copyright © The Anaïs Nin Trust).*



The church square at Louveciennes.



coll. Gauthiers

LOUYECIENNES (S.-et-O.) — Intérieur de l'Église

The church at Louveciennes, where Anaïs attended services with her mother.



*Anaïs Nin at the gates of her old house
at 2bis rue de Montbuisson, Louveciennes
(Copyright © The Anaïs Nin Trust).*

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